A NEW SONG CALLED THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

To which are added.

The Amorous Toper.
The Powder Mills of Clondalkin.
Winter and Summer.
Damon and Celia.
Plato's Advice.

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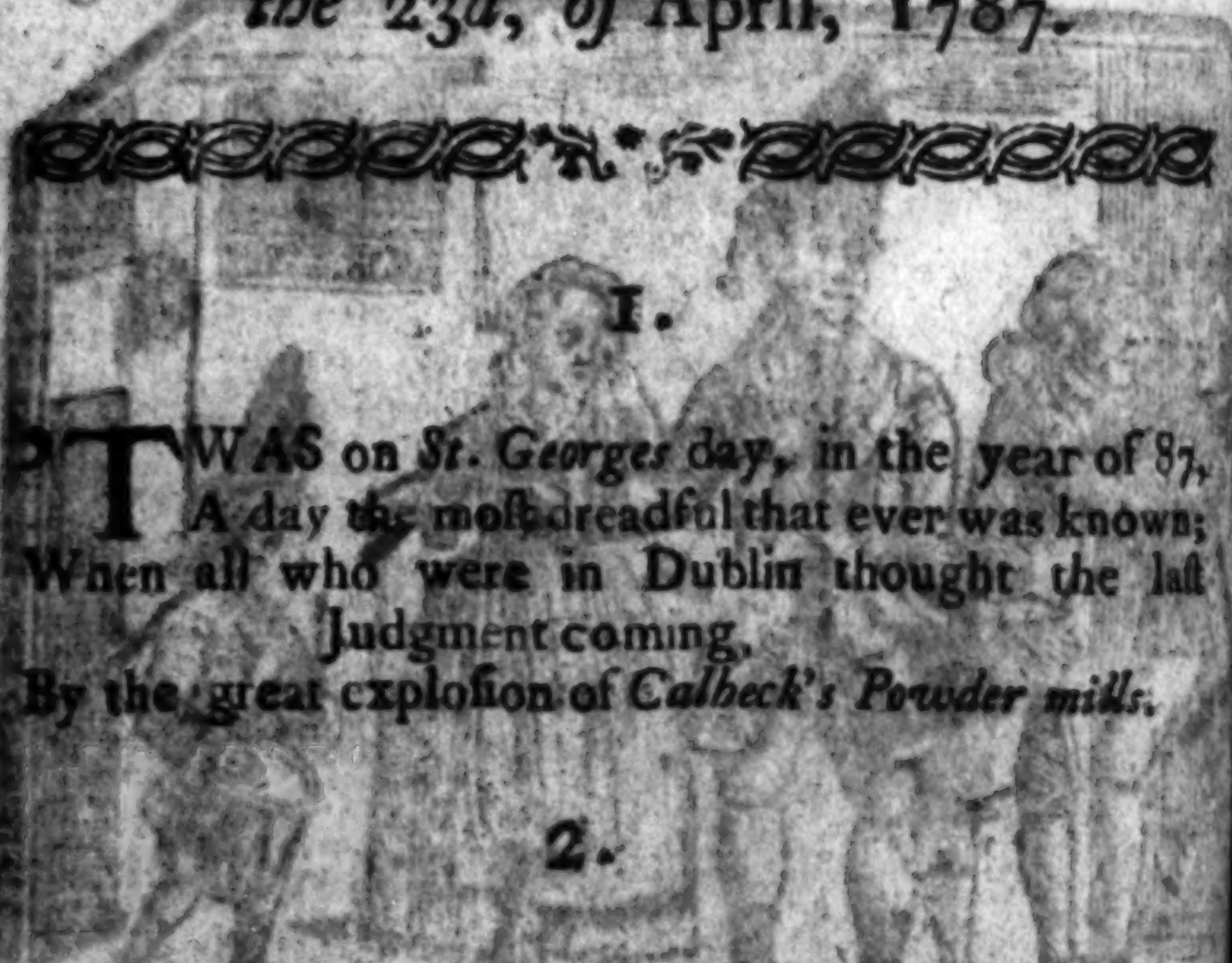
A NEW SONG Compoſed on the *Powder Mills of Clondalkin*,

Which were b ew up on MONDAY, *the 23d, of* April, 1787.



1.

'TWAS on *St. Georges* day, in the year of 87,
A day the moſt dreadful that ever was known;
When all who were in Dublin thought the laſt Judgment coming,
By the great exploſion of *Calbeck's Powder mills.*

2.

That morning I went a walking near unto *Clondalkin*,
being pleaſant weather, and the day moſt ſerene;
To my aſtoniſhment and wonder, I heard a noiſe like thunder,
The ground I ſtood on ſhook under; dreadful was the ſcene.

Here were men a dying, and others lying crying,
While numbers ſtood admiring, looking on;
Heads and legs were blown off, and mighty ſtones
were thrown up,
By the ſudden blowing up of *Calbeck's powder Mills.*

4.

When I beheld theſe horrors, my ſoul was filled
with terror,
To behold ſuch miſery as there I did ſee;
Children crying for their fathers, others for their
maſters,
The whole was great confuſion and ſad calamity.

5.

Six miles around the country has ſhar'd this cala
mity,
Their cabins and gardens are quite torn up,
The fiſhes from their ponds were thrown upon the
lands,
And the poor all about are ruined quite.

6.

I hope thoſe in high ſtation, throughout the *Iriſh*
Nation,
On the poor will take compaſſion, and grant them
relief;
And to thoſe who are wounded, and with ſorrow
ſurrounded,
May the Lord in his mercy eaſe them of their grief.

SUMMER *and* WINTER.

Or the Rival Seasons.

FLORA, beautiful and gay,
To Winter now give room,
I'll ſtrip you of your rich array,
Made of the ſweeteſt bloom.

He with his icy beard comes in,
Looking her upon,
The traitor thus he does begin,
Proud Flora, now be gone.

Thou haſt reign'd ſix months and more,
All in thy gaudy pride,
I'm come to warn you now, therefore,
To lay your pomp aſide.

The groves and gardens far and near
Shall wither and decline,
And in a word I'll let you know,
The hills and dales are mine.

Flora, loath to loſe her plains,
In which ſhe took delight;
And vaniſh from her ſummer's beams,
She ſlowly took her flight.

What, muſt I leave theſe groves, ſays ſhe?
Whom I have deck'd ſo fine,
And ſpreading boughs on ev'ry tree,
How dare you call it thine!

What, is this a time to baffle me?
I'm coming into power,
I'll blaſt all that belongs to thee,
And will your joys devour.

I'll freeze the pretty purling ſtreams,
Whereby you uſed to glide,
I'll wither all thoſe lovely things,
That pompt you up in pride.

Oh! with thy icy face,
Look not ſo cool at me,
For here you never ſhall take place,
While leaves grow on a tree.

I am a goddeſs of beauty deemed,
Adorned with flowers fine,
My company is more eſteemed,
A thouſand times, than thine.

Oh! Flora, well I know thou art
Eſteemed more than I,
To tell the truth, its but deſerved,
Therefore let us comply.

Here you muſt give me leave awhile
In power for to reign,
Next Spring you ſhall return and ſmile,
Again all on the plain.

The Amorous Toper.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
To revel in the evening's rites,
In vain his altar I ſurround,
Tho' with burgundian incenſe crown'd.

No charms has wine without the laſs,
'Tis love gives reliſh to the glaſs,
While all around in jocund glee,
In brimmers toaſt their favourite ſhe.

Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim;
My heart ſtill whiſper's Cloe's name,
And with me, by amorous ſtealth,
Still ev'ry glaſs is Cloe's health.

The Broken Bridge.

GENTLEMAN.

IT is no fool's play to make a Bridge paſſable; h
been living here theſe forty years back, yet never ſ
the wa:er ſo h'gh: It requires the ſtrength of a Hercu
to make this Bridge paſſable.

Hip! Carpenter, which way into the Town?

CARPENTER.

The Ducks and Geeſe they go paſs over. tol lol de ro

GENTLEMAN,

Certainly this fellow's a Natural, or takes me for a fo
he thinks I can ſwim like a Duck, or fly like a Go
The water ſeems to be ſo deep, I've a great mind to p
off my boots and wade it over.

Hip! Carpenter, how deep is the water?

CAR. A Stone thrown in will ſoun the bottom.

GENTLEMAN.

I am very well aſſured, Mr Impertinent, a ſtone thr
in won't reach the ſkies, but I think I ſee a houſe o
other ſide; who owns that houſe?

CAR. It is not your's, but it is the Maſter's.

GENT. I am very well aſſured Mr Impertinent, it d
belong to the ſervants; but do they ſell wine there, o
their wine good? CAR. It is ſo good it makes me m

GENT. Well, this fellow is certainly a fool; I c
get one word of proper ſenſe out of him; I had bette
ter my diſcourſe for a better opportunity. I've go
mile to go, and not knowing what a clock it is, I m
I ſhall be benighted. Hip! what's o'clock?

CARPENTER.

Here's my watch and you may view it. tol lol de r

GENTLEMAN.

Well ſure this fellow is a fool, but I think I ſee a ba

e other ſide. Boat, Boat,

BOATMAN.

re, an't pleaſe your honour, where does your honour
nt to go? GENTLEMAN

croſs the water to beat that impertinent Carpenter.

BOATMAN.

u had better to let him alone, for he is a very big
ckguard. GENTLEMAN.

It is no matter, put away,

CARPENTER.

o Mr. Inquiſitive is off; he thought that I carried a
alogue of Anſwers in my head to anſwer his impertiq.ſtions. *Which way into the Town; Is the water ? Whoſe houſe is that? Do they ſell Wine? Is their e good?* and a thouſand ſuch queſtions as that, but I him off, with ſhewing him my Watch.

Abſorb'd in Tears poor CELIA *ſits,*
When DAMON *her a Moment quits.*

DAWN of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair:
t my deareſt Damon lives,
ake him, ye gods, your care.

l theſe gloomy ſhades of night,
y tender grief remove;
ſend ſome cheering ray of light,
d guide me to my love.

, in a ſecret, friendly ſhade,
e penſive Celia mourn'd,
e courteous Echo lent her aid,
d ſigh for ſigh return'd.

, ſudden, Damon's well-known face
ch riſing fear diſarm'd;
ger ſprings to her embrace,
ſinks into his arms.

PLATO'S ADVICE,

A Celebrated Moral Song.

SAYS Plato, why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous Heav'n has made him great?
Why does he look with ſuch diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or eaſe the brow of care.

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore;
Their wealth and glory are bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
When ſhot, 'tis gone; its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt obey.